

Drunken Confessions ... Kind Of by Kiku_Takamoto

Series: [Harringrove Pride Month - 2021 Edition](#) [9]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: 1990s, Drunken Confessions, Drunken Flirting, F/F, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Heather Holloway, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Robin Buckley/Heather Holloway

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-15

Updated: 2021-06-15

Packaged: 2022-03-31 14:23:30

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,406

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy decides he needs to 'confess' his feelings to Steve at the Pride Festival ... despite the fact the two have been going strong for ten years.

Drunken Confessions ... Kind Of

“Ok, explain this again, why is Hargrove all blue?”

It was the '95 pride festival in the Castro district of San Francisco in California, like most festivals there was always that one person who went overboard with the drinks and endless resources of booze. This year Billy had chosen to be the one to drink too much. The results were about as disastrous as Steve could expect ...

The normally confident and brash blonde tattoo artist was now wrapping himself around Steve ‘mourning’ at what he just learned about Steve. Despite the fact the pair had literally flown in from San Diego together the other day.

“Maxine told him I was dating someone,” Steve explained narrowing his gaze at Max, whom like El (who was joining her from Chicago) was barely able to hide their laughter as Billy clung onto Steve, much like a child going into the doctors for shots with their mother.

“But isn’t he dating you?” Robin asked, trying her hardest to hide her laughter. Steve stared blankly at Robin. Her girlfriend Heather was now struggling not laugh.

“He forgot, didn’t he?”

“You think?” Steve dead panned. The only one not laughing was Billy, who was too busy burying his face in Steve’s neck.

“Stevieeee!” Billy whined, before locking eyes with the brunette, ‘Who the fuck are you dating? I need to beat his ass!’”

Before Steve could even come up with answer Max decided to add more fuel to the fire.

“The guy has blonde hair, tattoos, blue eyes and loves surfing,” Billy’s eyes widened comically in anger at the ‘new’ information.

“What?” he slurred, looking at Steve with offense, ‘You choose an ugly ass like that over me?! But I’m so much better! I got so much to offer!’”

Max was now full on laughing while El took pictures of the moment. Steve was secretly grateful that they were at Pride fest and everyone around them was either too drunk or too tired to care about how loud Billy’s drunk blubbering was.

“Ok Billy, I think you’ve had enough,” Steve reasoned, easily taking whatever was left of Billy’s old fashion. The blonde was too mad to care about his drink.

“Where is this guy? I bet I can kick his ass! What do his tattoo look like?!”

Again, Max beat Steve to the punch.

“He has mostly traditional, but a few Japanese styles tattoos-“

Billy slammed his fists on the table. He scanned the area for anyone who looked like a match for his ‘rival’ before meeting eyes with the whole group.

“That’s it! He tapped ass that’s mine and stole my tattoo designs!” he angrily declared. Steve’s face turned red while Robin, Heather, Max and El were all muffling their laughter at his expense.

“Billy-“

“Shh!’ Billy raised a single finger to Steve’s lips, he giggled drunkenly for a second before looking ‘serious’ again, ‘I have something very important to tell you!’”

Steve nodded his head slowly, silently hoping that Billy was calming down.

“Ok?”

“I like you a lot,’ he whispered, resting his sweaty forehead on Steve’s, ‘Even the first time I saw you in the hallway at school.”

Max stopped laughing, she couldn’t help but feel her heart melt at

how soft her brother was being.

“Billy, that’s actually nice-“

“Then I saw you naked and wet in the gym showers and thought ‘damn bitch, I’ll divide and conquer that Italian ass!’” Heather spat out her drink, now howling in laughter alongside with Robin who laughing so hard she had tears in her eyes. Steve felt his whole face darken in brighter red.

“Billy-“

The blonde raised his finger again to Steve’s lips. Everyone went silent to hear what else Billy had to ‘confess’ to Steve. Billy moved down kissing behind Steve’s ear. It took all of Steve’s self-control and grit to not make a sound at the sensation that vibrated with each breath Billy breathed onto his skin.

“But serious-seriously, I like you. So dump this guy and date me –“

“Ok Hargrove, I’ll date you,” without warning Billy slammed his fists on the table again. This time he was clearly in glee at his ‘victory’.

“Yes, touchdown!” he howled, flashing his devil horns. For the first time since the ordeal now Steve was laughing.

After recovering from his laughing session with the rest of the group,

Steve stood up wrapping an arm around Billy back and using Billy's arm to wrap around his shoulder.

"Ok calm down, Billy. I'm going take you to our hotel," Billy lopped his head to the side staring Steve down as the brunette tried steadying Billy on his feet. He stared at Steve in amazement.

"Damn Harrington, you're fast,' he observed, the astounded look was soon replaced by a giant smirk. His tongue licked his teeth and lower lip like an animal in heat, 'I like it."

"Yeah, yeah big I'm sure you do," Steve reassured, much to his annoyance Billy didn't move or even attempt to walk.

"But I am the pitcher!" he declared, puffing up his chest and abs. Robin and Heather both struggling for air as they hid their laughter at the 'macho' display. Max felt her face turn red, she didn't care how old she was, hearing any clues about her brother sex life was too weird to hear.

Steve wanted to die.

"Hargrove!"

"Come on Stevie, Stevie,' Billy begged, hugging the slightly taller man tightly, 'You weren't even the top when you were dating Wheeler!"

“That’s actually pretty true,” Robin noted, looking genuinely surprised at Billy’s drunk observations. She had to hand it to him, he had good logical skills considering his current state.

Steve gave Robin a death glare as he led himself and Billy to their hotel room not far away.

“Thanks a ton, Rob.”

Robin waved Steve goodbye, “Happy to help, dingus!”

Steve groaned as he led himself and his drunk boyfriend away. He could still hear the laughter from the group, yet despite the embarrassment, part of him felt tingly from hearing the ‘confession’. The rest of the way Steve smiled slightly as Billy babbled on about fun things they had to do now that they were ‘officially’ dating.

...

“Let’s go, Billy. You can shower, I can make you some tea and then can get you into bed,” Steve tried to reason with the flirty drunk as he laid Billy down on the shared bed to get his shower started.

“But I’m ready to go!” he whined, striking a ‘sexy’ pose with the sheets, “I finally have you and you won’t let me go to third base!”

Steve felt all the blood in him go south. He sat down on the bed before Billy could see the tent in his cargo shorts.

“Ok, how about this, tonight we can lay in the sheets together, enjoy each other’s company and then if you don’t have a hangover, I’ll let you do whatever is on your mind. Sound like a deal?” as soon as those words left his mouth Billy sat up nodding his head so rapidly Steve felt dizzy just by watching him.

“Only if you shower with me first, I want some of that wet Italian ass!” he demanded, taking the moment to hug Steve from behind. Steve felt his soul leave his body as he felt a very familiar poking sensation his lower back as the blonde crushed him in a tight hug.

“Ok, ok, but only if you’re quiet for the rest of the evening starting now,” Billy became fast in record time.

...

“Remember Harrington, a deal is a deal,” Billy grinned, watching his boyfriend of nearly ten years wriggle around underneath him as Billy stroked his callused hands under Steve’s shirt. Steve moaned at the contact as Billy purposely ‘missed’ all his sensitive spots.

“That was a week ago,” Steve moaned. Billy leaned down next to Steve’s ear, enjoying the shivering and goosebumps that came of the pale skin.

“You sure about that?”

“Well, it is my day off,” Steve reasoned, Billy rewarded the small admission by traveling his hands under Steve pants directly onto his ass.

“Good,’ Billy grinned, kneading the soft flesh mounds his hands as he soaked in Steve’s moans, ‘cause you won’t be walking straight of the rest of the day.”

...

Everything between the two remained normal as usual. That is until Max sent in the photos El had taken from Pride feast to their San Diego apartment.

Author's Note:

This fic was purely self-indulgent, so don't mind me just strolling by (plus I may or may not be feeling some nostalgia from something very similar happening at pride a couple years ago ♡•).

Is Billy OC? Yes. Do I care? Nope.